

Photo booth by Jancys-Blue-Bayou

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Summary: Nancy and Jonathan at the mall.

Photo booth

"Okay, be back to meet us here in 30 minutes," she decrees.

Mike rolls his eyes.

"Sure Nancy," Will answers but she of course knows they'll be back in 45 minutes at the absolute earliest.

The two boys run off to the comic book store. She turns to Jonathan who looks utterly out of place at the mall, a place where you'd only find him for situations just like this, when his little brother wants to go to the comic book store. This time both of their little brothers had burst into her room, interrupting just as Jonathan had moved his lips from hers to that spot on her neck that drove her crazy. And after the usual cries of disgust, which she shut down with pointing out that a) for the love of god knock before entering, Mike b) at least they were dressed, Mike and Will asked/demanded to be taken to the mall. Apparently the new issue of X-Men were out today and they had to have it. Mike had accidentally found out about the vodka bottle that had gone from rolling around in the trunk of Jonathan's car to being stashed in her room, a knowledge he'd already threatened to let spill to their parents.

They should really finish off that bottle so Mike loses his leverage over her, but for now she's at his mercy. That's how they find themselves at the mall now.

"Come on, might as well fill the time," she says and drags Jonathan into one of her favorite stores.

"So, this or the blue one?" She asks him as she opens the door to the changing room, revealing the red sweater she's trying on.

"The blue one," he answers after looking her over. "Brings out your eyes," he mumbles and looks down at his feet.

"Okay," she answers and just nods though she really feels like jumping his bones right here and now, maybe toppling over a clothes rack or two in the process. Though she guesses that would be frowned upon

by the personell and other shoppers. Plus she can't get over how adorable he looks when he blushes like that so she decides she could have some more fun.

She goes to browse the underwear section next, tugging him along and he awkwardly follows.

"Which of these?" She asks, holding up two options.

"Uh, whatever you like."

"Come on, which would you like me in?"

"Both, whatever, anything, no-" he cuts himself off.

"Or nothing?" She smirks. "My oh my, Byers."

"I didn't say that," he blushes.

"I think you did. But which of these would you like me most in, then?"

"Uh, the black one," he says in a low voice.

"Agreed," she notes, puts the white one back on the rack and kisses his reddening cheek.

Exiting the store and seeing a photo booth she gets an idea.

"Come on," she tugs him along towards it.

"Why?" He asks bemused.

"Because you're always behind the camera so we don't have any pictures of us two together," she explains as she puts the money in and they sit.

For the first one they just smile as she leans into him.

For the second one she kisses his cheek.

For the third one he surprises her by turning his head and kissing her.

For the fourth one she's forgotten about the pictures.

It's not until a knock on the outside of the booth that she pulls away from him.

They find Mike and Will outside, both with devilish smirks and Mike with the photos in his hand.

"Why are you like this?" Mike grimaces.

"Shut up," she says, snags the photos from his hand and looks them over, pleased.

"Do you guys want ice cream?" Jonathan suggests.

That quickly changes Mike's and Will's tone. She pockets the photos and gives Jonathan another peck on the cheek.